THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 72.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 94.

.....Studious let me sit
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD,
Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd
As gods beneficent who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. THOMSON.

THE CHARACTER OF SAINT PAUL.

FROM the great congregation of the tomb, if it should be allowed me to select one of its illustrious tenants, there is none I would more desire to see and converse with than the zealous, the eloquent SAINT PAUL.

What in comparison with this illustrious Christian would have been the splendour of imperial power or the magnificence of terrestial honours! What the genius or reputation of the most venerable names antiquity could boast, and which all the learning of the heathen world has conspired to immortalize! They fade in the splendour with which this character comes upon the eye; a splendour not so dazzling as to confound nor so luminous as to obstruct the course of vision, but clear, mild and effulgent, like virtue itself constraining admiration and applause.

Is it RANK that gives claim to celebrity! And shall the monarch of an earthly throne, although like Rome's high majesty

"It awes to peace the tributary world,"

be placed in competition with the first apostle of our sacred religion, the acknowledged ambassador of "the holy one of Israel?"

Is it INFLUENCE, or an agency in great events? Surely no one is celebrated in the annals of history as the instigator of a more extensive revolution than that, which the apostle Paul was gloriously instrumental in accomplishing. But if greatness of character is considered, as undoubtedly it ought to be, separated from casual circumstances of accident or fortune, and solely connected with individual exertion and personal ability, we shall no where find a more noble example than in this first minister of evangelical truth.

To determine this it may be necessary to trace the prominent occurrences of his eventful life. We find him from a common persecutor, an odious and contemptible employment which could be known only by the cruelty and zeal with which it was conducted and which was important only to affrighted women and the unarmed followers of the humble Nazarene, rising to a high popularity with a sect rapidly increasing in numbers and power, and whose novel doctrines shook the foundation of the established religion of the empire, aiding with

eloquence the dissemination of his important principles, proclaiming them in the very ear of majesty; carrying terror to the bosom of the judge before whose tribunal he is arraigned; hailed by the multitude for the miraculous display of that christian benevolence which his religion commanded; deriding the varied persecutions of an unrelenting and superstitious people, and all the terrors of ecclesiastical and political power, and enjoying an immense influence which in no other instance was ever separated from the power to command or from fortune to purchase it.

Saint Paul appears to have possessed many of those virtues which surround human nature with honour and celebrity. The first characteristic which attracts our attention and which is equally conspicuous in every part of his life is a warm and zealous constitution, *an ardent and persevering mind.* In his persecution of the christians we find the evidence of an indefatigable and inflexible disposition animated by its own conviction and acting on its own sentiments as if they possessed the certainty of demonstration. Of a sanguine temper and an eager mind he compelled his inclinations and his passions into the line of his duty, nor found nor desired either subterfuge or excuse. After his conversion to christianity the same natural disposition continued to influence him, heightened if possible by the grand and sublime perceptions which christianity unfolded, and the awful responsibility attached to his labours in a cause, which was of infinite moment to the eternal happiness of mankind.

The zeal which we have noticed as the characteristic of this great evangelist was principally discovered in a *spirit of proselytism.* Before his conversion it is almost the only trait by which he is distinguished; afterwards it became his immediate duty, and ecclesiastical history will not furnish a parallel to the persevering labour and wonderful pertinacity of this eminent sectary.

Boldness and resolution are incident to virtue. The man, who is conscious of discharging a duty which shall entitle him to future sublunary honour, but more than all to the rewards of an interminable existence, will despise the troubles, the dangers and the toils of this momentary life, and rise upon the storm that lowers to destroy him, great in conscious virtue, nobler from his perils. Such boldness and resolution we trace in every page of the history of this defender of the faith. In the persecution and penalties that every where awaited him there is the same heroic firmness, the same contempt of corporal suffering and even the terrors of death. Though disgrace and ignominy awaited him at every corner, though stripes hardened his body and the most contumelious and degrading punishments were inflicted to humble and depress his mind, still that spirit of integrity, which could not be destroyed, supported him through the pressure of innumerable tribulations and astonishes us by the wonderful fortitude and heroic firmness with which every indignity was sustained. A mind refined by education and elevated to a rank so high and commanding as that of Saint Paul's, would be most likely to be borne down and subdued by the contumely and disgrace that was rolled upon him in such copious torrents; but they parted, like the waves of Jordan before the chosen people of God; they were not permitted to injure the usefulness of the character of this chosen disciple of the revealed and holy religion.

There is a *constancy* in the cha

racter of Saint Paul which is by no means the least remarkable trait of his mind. To a person of his discrimination and judgment there could have been no expectation of private and temporal enjoyment under the blessings of a divine revelation. Rapid as was its progress and unprecedented as the success which crowned the labours of the faithful; powerful as was the engine which he wielded and interesting as was the cause in which he engaged; surrounded as it was by all the sublimity of prophecy and attended by all the wonders of miracles, still he must have appreciated the unrelenting disposition of the Jewish rulers and the popular superstition of the country; he must have known that it was not within the determination of his divine master to compel submission by authority or like a hypocritical divinity to gain proselytes by force; he must therefore have well understood that *during his life* the warfare would be continued and the battle still remain to be fought: that new conquest would only open to him new foes and as he mounted the acclivities of his path he would find distant mountains rising before him, which it would be still necessary to ascend. When therefore he girded on the armour of revelation he must have been well convinced that it was a final adieu to the pleasures of peace and the luxury of repose, he must have been well persuaded it was no summer sport or trivial contention, but involved him in a labour from which there would be no remedy but death, no refuge but the grave. And was this expectation deceitful? Listen to his own account. With a spirit conscious of its merits he thus triumphantly proclaims his sufferings and his *constancy* in the cause.

"Are *they* ministers of Christ? "*I am more.* In labours more a- "bundant, in stripes above measure, "in prisons more frequent, in death "oft. Of the Jews, five times re- "ceived I forty stripes, save one. "Thice was I beaten with rods, once "was Is toned, thrice I suffered ship- "wreck, a night and a day I have "been in the deep. In perils mani- "fold and numberless, in weariness "and painfulness, in watchings of- "ten, in hunger and thirst, in fast- "ings often, in cold and nakedness."

Such is the melancholy picture which the Apostle presents us of his life. The constancy with which he persevered to the end marks an original and noble trait in his pious and exalted character.

The subject will be resumed in our next number. E.

For the Emerald.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

From the French of Mons. De Belleforest

Si voluimus, magna sæpe ex parvis intelligimus.

THE impressions of infancy, of whatever nature they may be, are with difficulty effaced; but more particularly is it impossible to destroy these feelings of love, which are implanted in the heart at the very time it begins to distinguish the sentiment.

In the year 1535 there lived at Arizzo, a village in Tuscany, a gentleman of affluent fortune, whose name it is proper to conceal in respect to his family, some of whose branches still exist. His despair of dying without a child to inherit his extensive possessions was at length relieved by the birth of a daughter in the tenth year of his marriage. It is needless to remark how much this child, whom we shall call Emily, was beloved, as the very circum-

stance of her birth is a sufficient explanation. When about four years of age, her parents were desirous of procuring a companion to share in her studies and contribute by his company to her pleasures and amusements, and for this purpose they selected the son of a mechanic in the neighbourhood, extremely indigent snd encumbered with a numerous family. The parents of Camillus, the name of the child, were extremely happy in consenting to this arrangement, as they had no hopes of being able themselves to procure so advantageous an establishment. He was precisely of the same age with Emily, and of a countenance and disposition that ensured an interest in his favour. On being conducted to the mansion of his little companion, he appeared in no way embarrassed, but replied with vivacity to the caresses bestowed on him and gained universal favour by his docility and gentleness.

The treatment of these two children was in all respects the same. They were clothed with the same materials, they eat at the same table, they received the same education and were equally beloved and caressed. These early habits formed between them an attachment so strong that they knew not how for a moment to be separated. In the mean while the form and charms of Emily unfolded, like the rose which discloses equal beauty and fragrance; the person of Camillus was by no means eclipsed by the charms of his fair companion; they seemed mutually to assist and emulate each other:—these two amiable children attracted universal attention, and seemed as if nature had formed them for her sport in a moment of recreation. As they advanced in age the sentiments which were nourished in their hearts gradually changed. The attention of Camillus, which had hitherto been the effect of a natural and happy complaisance, appeared now to be restrained by duty; Emily, who had never been precise in her manners towards him, began now to lay rules on her conduct, and to shrink little by little from those innocent caresses to which she had hitherto been accustomed. Camillus became more respectful, Emily more reserved. In a word, love assumed the throne of friendship. They had now reached their fourteenth year when the father of Emily, too late indeed, perceived their intimate connexion might be productive of disagreeable consequences, and gave orders that they should henceforth be separated and meet only at table.

It was then indeed these young lovers perceived how dear they were one to the other. Exercises however difficult had never been accounted any thing to their mutual labour; now the most trifling was an insupportable burthen. They lost their sleep, their appetite, and were the prey of a melancholy languor which could not but be perceived. But the nurse of Emily, who still acted as her governess, and who loved as her own children these infants of her charge, regarded their situation with pity, and resolved to break through the strict orders of her master, which seemed to her needlessly severe. She therefore kindly procured to Camillus an opportunity of frequent meeting with Emily, a gratification the more easy as both their apartments were in the same wing of the building, and she alone was entrusted with the means of preventing their secret interviews.

This little kind of clandestine intercourse continued for nearly four years, during which nothing passed that might not have been openly

confessed before the shrine of honesty. Camillus respected Emily as much as he loved her, and flattered himself with one day being able honourably to make her his wife. A circumstance which confirmed this idea was the declaration of her father, from whom he had continually been receiving marks of most liberal bounty, and who now publickly declared his intention of fixing him in a proper and enviable situation.

Love always leads us to the most flattering conclusions, but Camillus could not long encourage this pleasing delusion. A gentleman of great fortune, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Cleon, judging it condusive to his ambitious views to form an alliance with the family of Emily, demanded her of her father in marriage. The proposals appeared every way so honourable and advantageous that the demand was accepted without the father of Emily once thinking it necessary to consult the inclinations of his child. A stroke of lightning could not have come with more force upon our young lovers than the report of this terrible event. It was then Camillus first reflected upon the humbleness and obscurity of his origin; he perceived the immense interval which separated him from the object of his tenderest regards; a gulf impassible which the blindness of love had induced him to think he could leap. These mournful considerations served to convince him of the vanity of his pretensions, of the despair to which he must sacrifice his hopes, but they could not alter or diminish the force of his affection. Emily was in a situation not one degree more tranquil. Cleon appeared to her to be marked by every fault of which the opposite virtue characterized Camillus. She could not endure the idea of being torn from the lover of her infancy, of blasting the tender blossoms of her hopes in favour of a man for whom she could feel no sentiment but aversion; and yet the evil was destitute of a remedy. Her father had commanded, and to his authority there could never be made a successful opposition.

The day of sacrifice approached. Emily was directed to a residence of her father a few miles from the capital, there to put a seal on her own misfortunes and those of her earliest friend. After a journey of the most cruel agitation of spirits, she threw herself half dressed on her couch; she was tracing the melancholy perspective of her future fortune when Camillus unexpectedly entered the chamber. He gently took the hand of his beloved, and tenderly held it to his bosom while the varying emotion that agitated his breast hardly left him the power of speech.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

It is very seldom that we find a dissertation on *cutaneous eruptions*, particularly of a nature with that which appears to have exercised the imagination of Petrarch, from a writer of his classic elegance and attic taste. Yet, in offering consolation to poverty and patience to affliction, he has, it seems, considered it necessary to visit a very humble sphere, and to show that as he was eminently conversant with the lyre of the Muses, so he was not unacquainted with an instrument of more common, though less agreeable music. *As a curiosity*, we preserve this antidote in the *Emerald*.

PETRARCH, the lover of LAURA of *Avignon*, the author of those enchanting sonnets, which first exalted Italian poetry to classic fame,—the great restorer, by whose cause, the remains of Greek and Roman liter-

ature were rescued from among the ruins of time.—PETRARCH, as if he had been a *Scotchman*, has not disdained to write upon the ITCH.

It is in his excellent ethical work, *De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*, that he treats upon this strange topic. That work consists of two books written in the form of dialogue. Of these books, the first is directed to temper and moderate the insolence of joy, by means of considerations drawn from reason and philosophy. In the second book, he endeavours to muster the whole host of human woes, and to present such consolations as may strengthen and bear up the weakness of humanity under every one of them.

The ITCH is one of the ills for which he offers consolation. Some of his topics are here sufficiently diverting—"Rather than painful, the ITCH," says he, "is by many persons accounted exceedingly pleasing. It will serve to awaken you in the night, better than either clock or watchman. If the disease be dirty and shameful; so are not the remedies by which it is to be cured; for, what can be preferable to exercise, the bath, temperance in sleep and diet? Hands bearing the marks of this disorder may appear disgraceful: but that patience which endures it without fretfulness, is highly honourable. It may be vexatious to have the whole body covered over with this cutaneous distemper: but, alas! how little do we concern ourselves for the cure of those more grievous distempers of our minds, lust, avarice, ambition, the thirst for revenge, and all the kindred train of inordinate passions!"

Such are the reflections of the elegant PETRARCH concerning a disorder which cannot now be named without indelicacy. From the language in which he speaks of it, and from the consideration of its being numbered by him among other common sources of the vexations of human life, we may infer that it was, in the days of PETRARCH, a not unfrequent complaint among all ranks in life, and throughout the southern regions of Europe. Clean linen, fresh animal food, with the plentiful use of wheaten bread and other vegetable provisions, are the happy medicines, by the use of which it has been expelled.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

QUINTILIAN.

I know of no passage in this celebrated Rhetorician which is more precise, correct, and forcible than his contrast between Thucydides and Herodotus.

"Densus et brevis, et semper instans sibi Thucydides; dulcis, et candidus, et fusus Herodotus: ille concitatis, hic remissis affectibus melior: ille concionibus, hic sermonibus: ille vi, hic voluptate."

"Thucydides is dense, concise and always equal to himself. Herodotus is sweet, perspicuous and diffuse: the former excels in vehement passions, the latter in mild persuasion: this, in animated harangues, that, in familiar speeches: this in strength, that in beauty."

LIVY.

IT may appear surprising to a person, who is acquainted with this famous historian, only through the medium of translations, that he should ever be so popular among the scholars of antiquity, and admired by those who pretend to correct

taste and judgment of style. It is impossible to preserve in another language, the delicacy, the beauty, the softness and the graces which charm and delight the scholar, who converses with Livy in his vernacular tongue. None of the ancients except Pliny, are translated without immense loss. There is a spirit in this elegant writer which lives even in a foreign soil. Of Livy, an admired essayist has judiciously observed,

"Nothing can be more perspicuous, more magestic and dignified, than the style of Livy, nothing more vivacious, spirited and eloquent than his harangues, and such are liveliness and splendor of his imagination no historian has hitherto equalled the magnificence, the animation and interest of his description and narrations."—The judicious HAYLEY has drawn the following exquisitely finished character of LIVY; not less admirable for its truth than for its harmony and imagery.

Of mightier spirit, of majestic frame,
With powers proportioned to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd,
And shadow'd with his plumes the subject world,
In bright pre-eminence, that Greece might own,
Sublimer LIVY claims the Historic throne;
With that rich eloquence, whose golden light
Brings the full scene distinctly to the sight;
That zeal for Truth, which interest cannot bend,
That fire which Freedom ever gives her friend,
Immortal artist of a work supreme!
Delighted Rome beheld, with proud esteem,
Her own bright image, of Colossal size,
From my long toils in purest marble rise,
But envious Time, with a malignant stroke,
This sacred statue into fragments broke;
In Lethe's streams its nobler portion sunk,
And left Futurity the wounded trunk,
Yet, like the matchless, mutilated frame,
To which great *Angelo* bequeath'd his name,
This glorious ruin, in whose strength we find
The splendid vigour of the Sculptor's mind.
In the fond eye of Admiration still
Rivals the finish'd forms of modern skill.

PINDAR.

Among the lyric poets of Greece, Pindar has been considered by Quintilian as pre-eminent in sublimity, enthusiasm, harmony and beauty. Time has mouldered away most of the productions of this renowned poet, and left us only a few of his odes. *GRAY* has caught the very fire and spirit of the Grecian and given by it animation and vigor to his own composition. The following stanza is a translation of the first Pythian of Pindar.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumbers lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

Mr. Wakefield thinks the latter part of this passage, commencing at "Perching on, &c." a weak imitation, and has translated the lines literally thus:

On Jove's imperial rod the king of birds
Drops down his flagging wings: thy thrilling sounds
Soothe his fierce beak, and pour a sable cloud
Of slumber o'er his eye-lids: up he lifts
His flexile back, shot by thy piercing darts.

Mars smoothes his rugged brow, and nerveless drops
His lance, relenting at the choral song.
Notes on Gray.

It will no doubt be pleasing to see how another celebrated genius has imitated this exquisite morsel of Pindar.

——————With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord,
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious God of war
His darts forgetting, and the rapid wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plains,
Relents.
Akenside's Hymn to the Naiads.

ROME.

The following lines of Collins give a forcible picture of the fall of this gigantic empire.

..... Rome .....
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell;
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barb'rous yell to thousand fragments broke.

The following curious caution was lately pasted up in a conspicuous place in North Shields, England.

Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. R——, the head of the ropery stairs, now least any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding upon it at the time to take care of themselves, lest by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the wrong animal.

"WE ARE HAPPY."

I know of no phrase which is so strangely lugged into our newspapers upon all occasions, as this. *We are happy* to announce this, says one printer, *we are happy* to contradict that, says another, but of all the curious instances in which this poor phrase is introduced, the following from the last Norfolk Herald is one of the most curious.

"Through mistake, in a part of our last edition, we inserted the death of *Mr. Paul Watlington*, instead of that of his *wife; we are happy* to correct the error, and announcing that he is in a state of convalescence."

It is to be hoped that if the mistake had been the other way "we should have been equally "happy to correct it.—*N. Y. E. Post.*

Sir William B— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, Sir, that I have been to the two universities and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, Sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater *calf* he grew.

CREDULITY.

Genius, it is observed by a late French writer, is not exempted from follies and absurdities. A disposition to credulity seems even a part of the physical constitution. A man is superior only upon those points on which he has reflected deeply. Beyond these he is reduced to a level with the crowd and is but an ordinary mortal. Pascal then will tell us of an *Elixir* which will prolong life for a thousand years, though he himself died at *fo*

; BACON gives us instructions for *transmutation* of metals; DESCAR- makes an universe with two ab- ctions, *matter* and *motion*; and more onishing than all these, PASCAL will ve in the virtue of *amulets* and rms.

CAVERNS OF LA VENDEE.

r is not without reason that the of La Vendee has been consid- as one of the most extraordi- that the annals of the world had to record. It was said in ient times that armies sprang of the earth; but this was ely a poetical fiction. In La dee it was realized. The roy- s had dug caverns into which carried pieces of cannon, and oned there considerable bodies oops. It was there in particu- hat the priests, monks and brig- s concealed themselves. The m was given to them by men, erally dressed like woodcutters, o climbed to the top of trees, by whistling informed them he approach of their victims. metimes this sanguinary minis- was filled by women, who tend- cows, by young shepherds, or children.

he entrance of these caverns a heap of earth covered with over which the passenger ht tread without suspicion. y were discovered in the fol- ing manner. Two Chouans o were taken prisoners, carried L'Orient, and about to be tried he Military Commission, prom- to point them out provided a on were granted them. They ained it. *Dardure*, lieutenant of nadiers, of the eleventh Parisian allion, undertook to go and visit se gloomy retreats, put on the guise of a Chouan, and set off mpanied by the two guides, o shewed him one of the caverns, but from a distance, for fear of be- ing recognized.

Over this subterraneous camp a very aged woman was standing sentinel. To her *Dardure* addressed himself in the language of a Chouan, and by a dint of artifice and entreaty prevailed on her to indicate the entrance. He had before concerted his measures with a detachment concealed at a small distance. A gesture was the signal for their approach; *Dardure* entered at the head of them, and found the cave full of peasants, with monks and priests in their clerical habits. They were immediately seized, conducted to L'Orient, and shot. Ere long, the department of Morbihan, which was particularly infested with brigands, was cleared of these mysterious retreats whence they issued unawares.

This was not the first brave action of lieutenant *Dardure*. At Vertont, a village a league distant from Nantz, he found himself surrounded by three hundred royalists, his detachment, from which he was separated, consisting of only thirty six grenadiers. He immediately cried out, "*Fire upon me, I am in the midst of the brigands!*" But he defended himself with so much strength and dexterity, that he contrived to escape, leaving seventeen of his men dead upon the spot.

THE FOUNDER OF A FAMILY.

(Continued from p. 425.)

Mrs. Sawyer had been advanced to the honours of a bride to the Bristol banker, from the capacity of a menial servant. In one of those deliriums, which sometimes seize old bachelors who have scoffed all the days of their youth at matrimony, old Sawyer at the age of threescore and ten, took Hannah, his house-maid to wife. She had tenderly nursed the old man in his fits

of the gout, for the space of twelve years, and was rewarded for her attention by a bequest of eighty thousand pounds. This fortune, and her own fair hand, Hannah, in less than a month, was prevailed upon to bestow on the "discreet," the "sober," the "jolly-looking" Dickens, in preference to the "conceited," "boyish," "pragmatical" Mr Willis, the junior partner in the house of Sawyer and Co.

Thus invested with the privileges of a master, the bridegroom repaired to the bank at Bristol, and was in all due form introduced to the partners.

Though the education of Mr. Dickens had not extended beyond reading the catechism, he had taught himself to write the word "received," and he could sign his own name. For a slight knowledge of figures he was indebted to his love of money, which rendered it indispensable to know how to keep or to check his accounts. His interest in the banking concern now caused him to regret the want of a more liberal education, as it puzzled him exceedingly at first to comprehend the arcana of the innermost counting-house. So powerful, however, was his love of gain, that his naturally keen penetration, and quickness of apprehension, soon enabled him to form a just estimate of the value of the opportunity which Fortune had thus again bestowed on him.

The first use he made of his knowledge was to cajole the two junior partners of the house into an abandonment of their shares in his favour, for what appeared to them a splendid remuneration. The two others, he calculated, were old; and though they both had children, he strenuously objected to the admission of any of their progeny into the Bristol bank.

In the mean time his bride, who was a women of plain good sense, without any thing remarkably vicious or virtuous in her composition, brought this man of wealth a son and heir, who was baptized, in honour of his mother's first husband, by the name of Sawyer.

In paying this compliment to his spouse, Dickens, however, had a latent motive;—for, as the firm of the bank was still Sawyer and Co. he looked forward the fifth part of a century, when it might still be Sawyer Dickens and Co with his son at the head of the house.

The same cunning made him appe[ar] to yield to his wife in consenting to [re]tain the coach and black geldings whi[ch] old Sawyer had sported before hi[m]. For though the provender of coachm[en], and horses often cost him a sigh, [yet] he understood enough of banking [to] know that it would injure his credit [to] put down an equipage, and he [was] therefore compelled to go to church [in] his coach. Similar motives induc[ed] him to retain the same household establishment, and to cultivate the sa[me] expensive connexions which his pred[e]cessor had courted.

The experience of every day [now] brought fresh joy to Mr. Dicke[ns]. Seated in his counting-house, with [all] the consequence of wealth, this Bris[tol] Plutus, who, a few years back, had f[ol]lowed, almost barefoot, the York w[ag]gon to London, now received the bo[w] and the cringing applications of m[any] chants, peers, and even statesmen, [for] the loan of small parts of that weal[th] which he had accumulated and acqu[ired]. With what rapture did his ke[en] eyes regale themselves upon the bon[d] deeds, mortgages, and other securiti[es] which the folly, the extravagance, [and] the misfortune of others poured into [his] coffers! Every sigh which the emb[ar]rassed man breathed in his hearing [was] a plaudit to his prudence, and the te[ar] which repentant prodigality shed in [his] sight proved nutriment to the selfi[sh]ness, which had inspired him with [the] love of hoarding.

The climax of his prosperity howe[ver] was yet to come. One of the oldest [and] wealthiest banking-houses in the m[e]tropolis was reduced to the most im[mi]nent danger of bankruptcy, by the i[m]prudent speculations of one of the pa[rt]ners, who had employed immense su[ms] in a foreign concern, which sums ac[ci]dent prevented from recurring to [the] bank at the expected period. [The] same cause which occasioned this d[is]astrous disappointment operated up[on] the mercantile interest in general, [and] money was not to be obtained at [any] premium or on any security. The [ex]pedient of the government becomi[ng] pawn-brokers had not at that time be[en] thought of: no influence, howe[ver], powerful, at that period, would have [pre]vailed the unprincipled or unfortun[ate] speculator, by procuring from the co[un]try at large a loan of commercial [cre]

equer bills to prop an individual's edit. The general dismay and dis-ess of that period were, to men like r. Dickens, subjects of self-gratula-n, and sources of still further gain. e, among the few whose hoards en-led them to avail themselves of such opportunity, and who had knowledge ough of money affairs to perceive it, are that the gloom was temporary, rchased the national funds, then be-nd all precedent depressed, at such ices as almost doubled his immense perty. To crown the whole, the ief partner in the banking-house al-led to, as a last resource to save his tering credit, applied to Mr. Dickens. tates in Cumberland, of far greater ue than the amount of all their wants, re pledged, as a security that the bor-wers should replace, at a stated time, the funds, as much stock, at what-er price it might be purchased, as s now disposed of to supply their d, and for the use of which a premi-n was given so infamously usurious t it was never named. By this trans-ion the credit of the banking-house s saved, and, while many of lesser e were shattered to irremediable by the pressure of the times, the se of Darlington and Co. stood firm, rose, if possible, more proudly emi-t than it was before the general ck.

Mr. Darlington was a man of worth honour. He was descended from younger branch of a noble family, was in every respect worthy of nob lity. He had a son, a partner the bank, whose sanguine temper been the cause of their embarrass-nt, and he had a young and lovely ghter.

Time in his ceaseless flight soon e away the months between the day borrowing and the day of payment. younger Darlington, whose indis-tion had so nearly proved fatal to house, with a zeal honourable to his mory, determined to repair as much possible the injury he had occasion-by visiting, in person, the planta-s he had purchased in the West ies; and inspecting, with his own s, the accounts of his agents, which hopes prompted him to believe ex-erated, if not false. These shadowy es, however, vanished before the truth. He found his affairs even worse than they had been represented; still greater los es threatened him—his ardent spirit could not submit to the blow of stern adversity—remorse was followed by despair—he sickened and died upon the plantation.

This calamity in a moment dissolved forever all the fond hopes of the unfortunate father. The bonds to Mr. Dickens thus were forfeited; the mortgaged lands, the mansion of his forefathers, and, in fact, the key to all the property which Darlington possessed was thus in the custody of Dickens, for on his mercy the credit of the bank now poised.

The Bristol banker was soon apprised of this state of Darlington's affairs. He felt no surprise: in fact, excepting the death of young Darlington, he had looked to just such a termination of the transaction; and that event however melancholy to the father, was to him a source of further satisfaction. Without loss of time he repaired to London taking with him his son, Sawyer Dickens. Knowing by experience the importance of a good education, Dickens had determined to bestow upon this his only child as much learning as he had capacity to receive. For this purpose he had provided him, at home, with the best tutors in all the branches of education, fearing that at a school he might imbibe habits of expense, and idle notions of generosity,—a danger from which he well knew he was secure at home.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, Sawyer Dickens, was as well stored with acquirements as most boys of the same age educated even at the best public schools. His disposition was marked by nothing remarkably vicious, nor did it display itself in any acts of generosity or kindness. If any trait of his mind was at that early period more conspicuous than another, it was that sort of feeling which has frequently been denominated *purse pride*, and which perhaps cannot be more significantly expressed. From his father and his mother he received lessons upon the importance of wealth; and indeed, from all that he saw and heard around him under their roof, he could not fail to imbibe a conviction of the omnipotence of riches.

(To be Continued.)

POETRY.

[The game of chess *has become so much a general favourite and has lately grown so popular among us, and is in itself so noble an exertion of ingenuity and skill, that we copy with pleasure the following account from the Monthly Magazine for* 1800, *for the amusement of its numerous admirers.*] *Emerald.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.

HAVING met with the following account of a game at chess, which is denominated the Persian game, I have formed a simple relation of it in a ballad. "Two Persians had engaged in such deep play, that the whole fortune of one of them was gained by his opponent. He who played the white was the ruined man, and, made desperate by his loss, he offered his favourite wife as his last stake. The white has the move, or he would have been check-mated by the next The lady, who had observed the game from a window above, cried out to her husband in a voice of despair, 'to sacrifice his castle and save his wife.' For the entertainment of your readers who are chess players, I have subjoined the situation of the game, which being ingeniously constructed, may afford them some gratification, will explain the circumstances, and, perhaps, heighten the relish of the story. It may be sufficient to inform those who are unskilled in this delightful exercise of the intellect, that by an unexpected movement in the game, occasioned by the sacrifice of a piece called the castle, the decision turns in favour of the party whose game appeared irrecoverable.

SITUATION OF THE GAME.

BLACK.

King at queen's knight's square.
Queen at king's knight's second square.
Castle at king's knight's square.
Castle at queen's knight's seventh square.

WHITE.

King at his castle's fourth square.
Queen's castle at his own second.
King's bishop at his king's fourth.
Queen's knight's pawn at his own sixth.
Queen's bishop's pawn at his own sixth.

White moves, and by sacrificing castle to his opponent's king, and advancing his queen's bishop's p gives check-mate.

CHESS.

Where the stream of Solofrena
Winds along the silent vale ;
Where the palm-tress softly murm
Waving to the gentle gale.

By the myrtle-woven windows
Of an old, romantic seat,
Sat at chess two noble Persians,
Shelter'd from the scorching h

Here with beating breast Alcanz
View'd the deep, eventful play,
There with black o'er-arching brows
Sat the Caliph Mehmed-Bey.

But with wary eye the Persian
Marks each passion of the hea
And the gallant, brave Alcanzor
Yields, a victim to his art.

Soon his ancient store of treasure
Soon his wealth and wide dom
Soon the glories of his fathers,
Fall,—the crafty Caliph's gain.

Now he maddens as the lion
Raging through the desert gro
Now with desp'rate oath he pled
Zaida's beauties, Zaida's love.

Mehmed Bey the offer seizes,
Triumph glistens in his eyes.
Ah! rash youth, that thou hadst
Dar'd to risk so fair a prize!

For impending ruin threatens
To devote thy hapless love :—
But! what piercing accents issue
From the lattic'd height above

'Tis the beauteous Zaida crying,
Half distracted—"Oh my life,
To thy foe concede thy castle,
And from death preserve thy

Written under a statue of Mar Marlborough's Face.

With such an air and mien MAR
the field ;
To such a mien and air did VENU

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